Patience? Yes, that's the woman's gain The dull delight of solitude. Where rank on rank she tries to Irane, And speech and laughter ne'er intrude

Night after night, beside the fire. When evening slonely lamp is lit Oppressed with thoughts that year Among the cards her fingers lit. The woman's game! On some poor kir.
The sequence of her play is built;
The queen comes after, hapless thing!
And next the kraye with grinning ga

Them all her treasures, one by one, Are thrown away to swell the jule at last and least; when that is done Begin again; the night begulle.

A woman's game : to sit and wait; build and rebuild, though fate destroy mile the cards, for soon or late. There comes an end to grief and joy.

A man may fight, or sow or reap, Divide the sens, or traverse the ea-She can but dradge, or pray or weep What is her life or 1 ving worth?

She sits there when the day is dead, Lonely and listless, Do you dare Deny, when all is done and said, That woman's game is solitaire?

"Pastoral Poetry."

A minister may love his wife, From every ill protect her; But love her as he may, alas! At last he's only Rector. -Toledo America

And though she may quite rapid be She'll find, however wild and tree, That he is always Paster. - R (Huny Journ

They sind of granting in the school Together out in Carson,
And after they were both made one She found him still a Parson.

And though he boasts he feels as young As when he firs, beheld her, His congregation all assert That he is yet the Elder.

THE CHOICE OF THREE: A NOVEL.

"Oh, no, don't pity me. Everybody has his troubles—this is mine."
"O Ernest, but you have been unfortu-nate, and now your sight has gone; but perhaps Critchett or Couper will be able to to something for that?"
"All the Critchets and Coupers in the

"All the Critchets and Coupers in the world will never do anything for it, my dear. But you must remember that, where I only lost my sight, many others lost their, lives, and it is supposed to be better to lose yours sight than your life. Besides, blindness has its advantages: it gives you so much more time to think, and it have lost your can have no idea. it humbles you so. You can have no ide what it is like, Doll. Intense, everlastin blackness hedging you in like a wall, on long long long night, even when the smlight i beating on your face; and out of the night voices and the touchings of hands, like th voices and touchings of the departe spirits. Your physical body is as helples and as much at the mercy of the world a your spiritual body is in the hands of the your spiritual body is in the hands of the Almighty. And things grow dim to you too; you begin to wonder what familiar faces and sights are like, as you wonder about the exact appearance of those whe died many years ago, or of places you have not seen for years. All of which my dear Doll, is very favorable to thought. When next you lie awake for five or six hours in the night, try to, recken all the things which occurs your brain, then imagine which occupy your brain, then inagin such wakefulness and its accompanyin thoughts extended over the period of you natural life, and you will get, some idea of the depth and breath and height of tota

lindness. His words struck her, and she did no know what to answer, so the only press his hands in token of her mute sympath He understood her meaning; the face

He understood her meaning: the faculties of the blind are very quick.

"Do you know, Doil," he said, "coming back to you and to your gentle kindness, is like coming into the peace and quict of a sheltered harbor after bearing the full brunt of the storm?" Just then a cloud which had obscured the sun passed away, and its full light struck upon his face. There," he went on, "it is like that. It is like emerging into the sweet sunshine after riding for miles through the rain and mist. You bring peace with you, my dear, I have not felt such peace for years as I feel holding your hand to-day."

ing your hand to-day."

"I am very glad, dear Ernest," she answered; and they walked on in silence. At that moment, a little girl, who was trundling a hoop down the grayel-path. trunding a hoop down the gravel-path stopped her hoop to look at the pair. She was very pretty, with large dark eyes, but Dorothy noticed that she had a curious mark upon her forchead. Presently Dorothy saw her run back toward at extremely tall and graceful woman, whe was saunteringsalong, followed at some distance by a nurse with a baby in "her arms, and travelenged to be a supple of the pair of the bab. and turning occasionally to look at the beds of spring flowers, byacinths and tulips which bordered the path, 2 "O mother," she heard her call out in

the clear voice of childhood, "there is sue a nice blind man! He isn't old and ugle and he hasn't a dog, and he doesn't ask f pennies. Why is he blind if he hasn't

and he hasn't a dog, and he doesn't ask for pennies. Why is he blind if he hasn't a dog and doesn't ask for pennies?"

Blindness according to this little lady's ideas, evidently sprang from the presence of a cur and an unsatisfied hunger for copper coin. Sometimes it does.

The tail: graceful lady looked upcarelessly, saying, Thush, dear!" She was quite close to them now, for they were walking toward each other, and Dorothy gave a great gasp, for before her stood Eva Plowden! There was no doubt about it She was paler and haughtier looking than of yore; but it was she. No one who had once seen her could unistake that, greenly beauty. Certainly Dorothy could not mistake it. take it

"What is the matter, Doll," said Ernest, carekssly. He was thinking of other things.
"Nothing, 4 hart onyself." They were

"Nothing: 4 hurt enyedf." They were quite close now.

And Eva too, looked at them, and she, too, saw the face she had neverthought to see again. With all her eyes, and with her lips parted as though to ery out, she gazed, at the sight before her slowly, slowly, taking in all it meant.

They were nearly level now.

Then there leaped up into her eyes and lafee—the eyes and face which a second before had been so galm and statue-like, a wild light of love, and tensity of passionate and jealous dosire, such as is not often to be seen on the faces of women.

"Ernest these, and Ernest blind, and being load by the hand of Dorothy, and looking happy with her." How dared she touch her love." How dared he look hapy with her? Those were the thoughts which when her works.

looking happy with her?" How dared she touch her love? How dared he look happy with her? Those were the thoughts which reads as the look happy with her? Those were the thoughts which flashed through her troubled mind.

She made a step toward them as though to address him, and the blind eyes fell upon her lovely face and wandered over it. It made her mad. He eyes were on her face, and yet he could not see her. O God?

Dorothy saw the motion and moved by at. overmastering instinct threw herself between them in an attitude of protection not unmixed with a thang. And so, for a second, their eyes tlashing and their bosoms heaving with conoxion, the two

It was a tragic, almost a dreadful scene.

As for Mr. Plowden, lie could not but cel that on the whole his matrimonial peculation had answered very well. He was honestly foud of his wife, and as he ad a right to be, very proud of he At times she was cold and capricious and it times she was sarcastic; but, take i ogether, she made him a good an anogener, she made him a good and serviceable wife, and lifted him up many pegs in the social scale. People saw that though Plowden was not a gentleman, he had managed to marry a lady, and a very lovely lady too; and he was tolerated, indeed to a certain extent courted, for the ne had every reason to be satisfied with his ourgain, and he was, besides, proud to be the legal owner of so handsome a creature Eva often thought of her old lover. though, except in the vaguest way, she had heard nothing of him for years. Indeed, she was, as it happened, thinking of him tenderly enough that very morning when her little girl had called, her attention to the "nice blind man." And when she at last, in a way which seemed to her, little short of miraculous, set eyes again upon his face, all her smoldering passion broke into flame, and she felt that she still loved with all her strength, such as it was

ot taken forty seconds.
"Doll," said, with a wildvoice, and con

nencing to tremble, "who was that passe

"A lady," was the answer.

"A lady; yes, I know that—wha

lady?"
"I don't know—a lady with children.

It was a fib, but she could not tell him then; an instinct warned her not to do so "Oh! It is strange, Doll, strange; but

lo you know, I felt just now as though Eva were very near me? Come, let us go

Just then the cloud got over the su

Just then the cloud got over the sur again, and they walked home in the shadow. Apparently, too, all their talka-tiveness had gone the way of the sun. They had nothing to say. CHAPTER XXXIX.

INTROSPECTIVE.

Eva Plowden could scarcely be said to b

happy woman. A refined woman whas deliberately married one man when st

oves another is not as a rule happy after and, unless indeed she is blessed or curse

Dorothy, and would have driven Florence

ad as she might otherwise be, to suicide o

or she was not sufficiently fine strung to uffer thus. Hers was not a very happy if e, and that was all about it. She had

ciled herself-like a sensible womanconciled herself—like a sensible woman— the position. The day was always rather this true, but still the sun peeped out wand again, and if life was not exactly a year thing, it was at least endurable. And yet with it all she loved Ernest in

as much as ever; his memory pressibly dear to her, and her re-sometimes very bitter. On the vever, she had got over it wonder

than anybody, who could have

her agony some years before, ence told her the whole truth y after the wedding would have sible. The Sabine women, we

offered every reasonable resist-their outrage by the Romans, but any gave the strongest proof of ation to their lot. There was

of the Sabine woman about Eva

the contrast between her state of segarded Ernest, and Ernest

mind as regarded her, would make us study. They each loved the and yet how different had the results

ove been on the two natures! To ad been and was a sorrow, some

ery real one; to Ernest, the de

of all that made life worth living

n of all that made life worth living, attrast, indeed, was, almost pitiable, so striking; so wide a gulf was fixed n the two. The passion of the one wretched thing compared to the Bat both were real; it was merely once of degree. If Evas a affection ask when measured by Ernest's, it cause the soil in which it grew was She give all she had to give.

a singularly callous nature. But there legrees and degrees of unhappiness a fate as Eva's would have killed

At that moment indeed she realized how reat, how bitter, how complete was the histake she had made, and what a beauti-I thing life might have been for her -i s had gone differently. But, remen-g how things were, she bowed her and passed on, for the time completely Presently, however, two points becam lear in the confusion of her mind, taking hape and form as distinct and indes-utable mental facts, and these were—first.

nat she was wildly jealous of Dorothy; could, that it was her fixed determination see Ernest. She regretted now that she ad been too evercome to go up and speak him she must and would adeed, her sick longing to look upon his are and hear his voice filled her with lava reached her home, after the meetin

the Hoc. just before luncheon-time. Her usband was now acting as locum tenens for he rector of one of the Plymouth parishes. had moved thus from place to place cars waiting for the Kesterwick living fall vacant, and Eva liked the roving life ell enough—it diverted her thoughts. Presently she heard her husband enter, nging somebody else with him, and

mmoned up the sweet smile for which ie was remarkable to greet him. In another instant he was in the room, flowed by a fresh faced subaltern, whose oppearance reminded her of the pictures of herubs. Mr. Plowden had changed but stitle sline we saw him last, with the exception that his hair was now streaked in gray, and the whole face rather ter. Otherwise the cold gray eyes e as cold as ever, and the countenance lowden was what the countenance of wden had always been—powerful, intel-

igent and coarse-looking. igent and coarse-looking.

"Let me introduce my friend Lieutenant
Jasper to you, my dear," he said in his full,
strong voice, which was yet unpleasant to
he ear. "We met at Captain Johnstone's, nd, as it is a long way to go to the arracks for lunch, I asked him to come

and take pot-luck with us.

The cherubic Jasper had screwed an eye-glass into his round eye, and through it was contemplating Eva with astonished

bosoms heaving with constian, the two women stood face to face, and the blind pathetic eyes wandlered ineasily over both, feeling a presence sthey were unable to ing down in front of them with the grace of

At lunch itself the conversation flagged It was a trace, abut it a dreadful scene. The passions it revealed were too intense for words, as no brush can justly paint a landscape made vivid by the unnatural ferceness of the licituding.

"Well, Doll, why do you stop?" he said, impatiently.

His voice broke the spell. Eva withdrew

At funch itself the conversation flagged rather; that is, Mr. Plowden tasked with all the facility of an extemporary preacher; the cherub gazed at this pale, dark-eyed angel; and Eva, fully occupied with her own thoughts, contributed a few appreciative smiles, and a few random remarks.

Just as they were, to her intense relief,

nearing the conclusion of the meal, a messenger arrived to summon Mr. Plowden to christen a dying baby. He got rp at her arm, which was half-outstretched, and her arm, which was half-outstretched, and touched her lips with her finger as though to enjoin silence. Then a deep misery spread itself over her flushed face; her head sank low, and she passed thence with rapid steps. Presently the nurse with the baby followed her, and Dorothy noticed vaguely that the child had also a mark upon his forthead. The whole thing had not taken forth seconds. to christen a dying baby. He got rp at once, for he was punctilious in the perform-ance of his duties, and, making excuses to his guest, departed on his errand, thus forcing Eva to carry on the conversation. "Have you been in Plymouth long, Mr. Jasper?" she asked. The eye-glass dropped spasmodically. "Plymouth? oh, dear, no, I only landed his morning."

his morning."
"Landed? Indeed! Where from? I did not know that any boat was in except the Conway Castle."

"Well, I came by her, from the Zulu War, you know. I was invalided home

The cherub suddenly became intensely The cherub stiddenly became intensely interesting to Eva, for it had struck her that Ernest must have come from there.

"Indeed! I hope you had a pleasant passage. It depends so much on your fellow-passengers, does it not?"

"Oh, yes, we had a very nice lot of men on board, wounded officers mostly. There were a couple of yery decent civilians, too.

were a couple of very decent civilians. too, a giant of a fellow called Jones, and a blind baronet, Sir Ernest Kershaw. Eva's bosom heaved.

"I once knew a Mr. Ernest Kershaw; I

ronder if it is the same? He was tall, nd had dark eyes."
"That's the man; he only got his title a month or two ago. A mclancholy sort of a chap, I thought; but then he can't see now. That Jones is a wonderful fellow, though —could pull two heavy men up at once, as casily as you would lift a puppy dog. Saw him do it myself. I knew them both out

" Oh! Where did you meet them? " Oh! Where did you meet them?"

"Well, it was rather curious. I suppose you heard of the great disaster at that place with an awful name. Well, I was at a beastly hole called Help Makar, when a fellow came riding like anything from Rorke's Drift, telling us what had happened, and that the Zulus were coming. So we all set to and worked like mad, and just as we had got the place a little fit for them. n most miserable; but when the first est of her misery had passed, like the ing storm that sometimes ushers in a t becember day, she had more or less we had got the place a little fit for them we had got the place a little fit for them, somebody shouted that he saw them coming. That was just as it was getting dark. I ran to the wall to look, and saw, not the Zulus, but a great big fellow carrying a dead fellow in his arms, followed by a Kafir leading three horses. At least I thought the fellow was dead, but he wasn't he had been struck by lightning. We let him in and such a sicht as there were you him in , and such a sight as there were vo never saw, all soaked with blood from to

to toe!"
"Ah! And how did they come like They were the only survivors of a volunteer corps called Alston's Horse. They killed all the Zulus that were attacking them, when the Zulus had killed every

body except them. Then they came away, and the blind fellow, that is, Sir Ernest, got struck in a storm—fellows often do out Eva put further questions, and listened with breathless interest to the story of Ernest's and Jeremy's wonderful escape, so far as the details were known to Mr. Jasper, quite regardless of the pitiless fire

Jasper, quite regardless of the pulless fire that young gentleman was keeping on herself through his eyeglass. At last, reluctantly enough, he rose to go.
"I must be off now, Mrs. Plowden; I want to go and call on Sir Ernest at the hotel. He lent me a Derringer pistol to practice at a bottle with, and I forget to give it back." ive it back."

Eva turned the full battery of her

eautiful eyes upon him. She saw that the coung gentleman was struck, and etermined to make use of him. Women are unscrupulous when they have an end in

ou will come and see me again, and tell ne some more about the war and the You are very kind," he stammered

'I shall be delighted."

He did not think it necessary to add that he had not had the luck to see a shot fired nself. Why should he? "By the way, if you are going to see Sir Ernest, do you think you could give him a private message from me? I have a reason not wishing it to be overheard

or not wishing it to be overheard."

"Oh, yes, I dare say I can. Nothing would give me greature pleasure."

"You are very good." Another glance. "Will you tell him that I wish he would take a fly and come to see me? I shall be included in the state of the same that the same that the same is all the same that the and all this afternoon."

A pang of jealousy shot through the

herubic bosom, but he comforted himsel with the reflection that a fine woman like that could not care for a "blind fellow."
"Oh, certainly, I will try."
"Thank you," and she extended her

He took it and intovicated by th uperb eyes, ventured to press it tenderly mild wonder took possession of Eva's mind, that anybody so very young could have developed such an astonishing amount of impudence, but she did not resent the pressure. What did she care about having pressure. What did she care about navin her hand squeezed when it was a questio of seeing Ernest? Poor, deluded cherub! CHAPTER XL.

AFTER MANY DAYS. Within an hour after the departure of Lieut. Jasper, Eva heard a fly draw up at the door. Then came an interval and the ound of two people walking up the steps, ne of whom stumbled a good deal; then a

ring.
"Is Mrs. Plowden at home?" said a clear voice, the well-remembered tones of which sent the blood to her head and then back to her heart with a rush.

"Yes, sir."
"Oh! Wait here, flyman. Now, my my way about strange places."
Another pause, and the drawing-room loor opened, and the maid came in leading Ernest, who wore a curious, drawn look

"How do you do?" she said, in a low voice, coming and taking him by the hand.

"That will do, Jane."

He did not speak till the door closed; he only looked at her with those searching-blind eyes.

Thus they met again after many years She led him to a sofa and he sat down.
"Do not leave go of my hand," he said,
nuckly: "I have not yet got used to talk-

quickly; "I have not yet got used to talking to people in the dark."

She sat down on the sofa beside him feeling frightened and yet happy. For a while they remained silent; apparently they could find nothing to say, and after all silence seemed most fitting. She had never thought to sit hand in hand with him again. She looked at him; there was no need for her to keep a gward over her. to need for her to keep a guard over her oving glances, for he was blind. At length

she broke the silence.

"Were you surprised to get my message?" she asked, gently. sage?" she asked, gently.
"Yes; it was like getting a message from the dead. I never expected to see you again; I thought that you had quite passed

So you had forgotten me?"
Why do you say such a thing to me You must know, Eva, that it is impossible for me to forget you; I almost wish that it were possible. I meant that you had passed out of my outward life, for out-of my mind you can hever pass.

Eva hung her head and was silent, and yet his words sent a thrill of happiness through her. So she had not quite lost him

after it all. after it all.

"Listen, Eva." Ernest went on, gathering himself together, and speaking sternly enough now, and with a suppressed energy that frightened, her. "How you came to do what you have done you best know."

"It is done; do not let us speak of it. I was not altogether to blame, 'she broke in.
"I was not going to speak of it. But I
was going to saythis, now while I have the chance, because time is short, and I think and bill as embalming fluid.

it right that you should know the truth. I was going to tell you first that for what you have done I freely forgive you."

"O Ernest!".
"It is," be went on, not heeding her "It is," he went on, not heeding her, "a question that you can settle with your conscience and your God. But I wish to tell you what it is that you have done. You have wrecked my life, and made it an unhappy thing; you have taken that from me which I can never have to give again; you have embittered my mind, and driven me to sins of which I should not otherwise have dreamed. I loved you, and you gave me proofs which I could not doubt that I had won your love. You let me love you and then when the hour of trial came you and then when the hour of trial came you deserted and morally destroyed me, and the great and holy affection that should have been the blessing of my life has

ecome its curse."

Eva covered her face with her hands and

sat silent.

"You do not answer me, Eva," he said,
presently with a little laugh. "Perhaps
you find what I have to say difficult to
answer, or perhaps you think I am taking · You are very hard," she said in a lo

'Had you not better wait till I have one before you call me hard? If I wished to be hard, I should tell you that I me onger cared for you, that my prevailing feeling toward you was one of contempt. It would perhaps mortify you to think that I had shaken off such heavy chains But I is not the truth, Eva. I love you now,

is not the fruit, Eva. I love you how, passionately as ever, as I always have loved you, as I always shall love you. I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing; in this business it has always been my part to give, not to receive. I despise myself for it, e laid her hand upon his shoulder "Spare me, Ernest," she whispered.
"I have very little more to say, only
this: I believe all this I have given you
has not been given usclessly. I believe that
the love of the flesh will die with the flesh. But my love for you has been something ore and higher than that, or how has it lived without hope, and, in spite of its dis-honor, through so many years? It is of the spirit, and I believe its life will be like

that of the spirit, unending, and that when this hateful life is done with I shall in some strange way reap its fruits with you." "Why do you believe that, Ernest?" Why do I believe it? I can not tell you. Perhaps it is nothing but the phantasy of a mind broken down with broading on its grief. In trouble we grow toward the light like a plant in the dark, you know. As a crushed flower smells sweet, so all that is most beautiful and activities in human parture is called into life. aspiring in human nature is called into life when God lays His heavy hand upon us. Heaven is sorrow's sole ambition. No, Eva, Heaven is sorrow's sole ambitton. 100, 111.
I do not know why I believe it, certainly non have given me no grounds for faith you have given me no grounds for faith but I do believe it, and it comforts me. By the-way, how did you know I was here

"I passed you on the Hoe this morning alking with Dorothy."

Ernest started. "I felt you pass," he aid, " and asked Dorothy who it was. She said she did not know." " She knew, but I made a sign to her no

"Ernest, will you promise me som

ing?" asked Eva, wildly.
"What is it?"
"Nothing. I have changed my mind hing at all.

nothing at all."

The promise that she was about to ask was, that he would not marry Dorothy, but her better nature rose in rebellion against it. Then they talked awhile of Ernest's life abroad. "Well," said Ernest, rising after a paus good-by, Eva."

"It is a very cruel word," she mur "Yes, it is cruel, but not more cruel than

It has been a happiness to see you He shrugged his shoulders as he nswered; "Has it? For myself I am not sure if it has been a happiness or a nisery. I must have a year or two of quie

misery. I must have a year or two of quied darkness to think it over before I make up my mind. Will you kindly ring the bell for the servant to take me away?" Half unconsciously she obeyed him, and then she came and took his hand and looked with all her eyes and all her soul into his face. It was fortunate that he could no

"O Ernest, you are blind!" she cried. scarcely knowing what she said.

He laughed—a hard little laugh. "Yes,
Eva. I am as blind now as you have been always."
"Ernest! Ernest! how can I live

nto his arms.

He kissed her, and then somehow, he

never knew how, found the strength to put her from him. Perhaps it was because he eard the servant coming. Next moment the servant came and led

with

iim away. As soon as he was gone Eva flung herself on the sofa and sobbed as though her heart would break. When Dorothy saw a fresh-faced young

officer, who had come up to see Ernest, mysteriously lead him aside, and whisper comething in his ear, which caused him to turn first red and then white she being shrewd observer, thought it curious. But when Ernest asked her to ring the bell and then ordered a fly to be brought round at once, the idea of Eva at once flashed into her mind. She and no other must be at the bottom of this mystery. Presently the the bottom of this mystery. Presently the fly was announced, and Ernest went off without a word, leaving her to the tender mercies of the cherub, who was contemood girl, I must ask you to give me your plating her with his round eye as he had on way about strange places."

"Hercies of the cherub, who was contemplated Eva, and finding her also ontemplated Eva, and finding her also had but just returned from South Africa had but just returned from South Africa, and was prepared faut de mieux, to fall in love with an apple-woman. How much more then would be succumb to the charms of the stately Eva and the extremely fascinating Dorothy! It was some time before the latter could get rid of him and his eye glass. On an ordinary occasion the would have been glad, enough occasion she would have been glad enoug to entertain him, for Dorothy liked a little male society, and the cherub, though he did look so painfully young, was not half a bad fellow, and after all his whole soul was in his eyeglass, and his staring was meant to be complimentary. But just now she had a purpose in her little head, and was heartily glad when he departed to reflect over the rival attractions of the two charmers."

(To be continued.)

Compromising With the Day. "No, Bobby," said his mother, "you annot go skating to-day. It's Sunday, you

know."
"Well, ma," persisted Bobby, "can't I
go if I'll just skate straight ahead and
not try to do any fancy work?"—Puck. Life in Utah.

Mormon wife (to husband) - Are you goi ut, dear?
Mormon husband—Yes: I have an ngagement with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night.

The ancient Peruvians used to flatten In an old valise belonging to O. O. Putncy, a miner who was killed by an avalanche at Bay Horse, Idaho, were-ound some faded love letters, a few bones,

and a note saying, "I wish these bones buried with me." A Dubuque, Prohibition Iowa, undertaker recently ordered stock from a Mich gan coffin manufactory, and added this postscript to the order: "Put in one of the caskets a gallon of Old Crow whiskey

Sad Fate of Old World Professional Beauties.

LATEST FASHION AND OTHER GOSSIP

How to Make Garments "Cling. According to a society writer, since Mis Eastlake, the actress, made her first appear-ance in this country in her soft, clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, society has been on the ui rive to discover the secret and gain, if ossible, a tithe at least of the swish and possible, a tithe at least of the swish and sway and rythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Helle instinct with life and motion. The secret has been discovered, and the reigning belles in tip-top circles in New York are more capti-vating than ever before. These picturesque gowns are made of some soft, clinging material, and worn over divided skirts, making the dream presentally confirm to making the does necessarily conform to the gait of the wearer. The secret is said to have been discovered by the costumer of Rosina Vokes and imparted to a select few of his customers.

The Fate of Professional B Mrs. Langtry, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now ex-tinct position of "professional beauty." There is hardly one of these ladies whose fate is not worthy of commiseration and whose confessions would not be valuable. Their reigns terminated in various ways One offended by observing that a certain waist was not so thin as formerly; another that a certain head of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a tenspoonful of ice-cream down a royal shirt-collar; a fourth falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and in fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the Prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whose accommodation in house often of the timest the friends of a lifetime had perforce to be discarded.
Fulsome was the adulation poured upon
the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel

were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated fathern-law. In such circumstances there othing for lovely women to do but to and winter on the Riviera. The future such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, course, her husband can secure election as member of Parliament, when she can get back into society by another door.—Lo Pall Mall Budget. Whims of the Toilet.

Japan ladies gild their teeth. The ladies of the Indies paint their teeth

Ladies in Greenland used to color the aces blue and yellow. The ladies of Guzerat stain their teeth a sable color which they think adds to their

beauty. The two best female violinists in thi

States are Miss Duke, daughter of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, and Miss Maud Tarleton, of Baltimore. According to the New York corre dents women are considered by publishers to be among the best judges of manuscript. Whether it be her critical judgment or her critical instinct, her conclusion as to whether an embryo book or magazine article will take with the public or not is

pretty sure to be correct. A new departure in the ways of wome A new departure in the ways of women is the formation of a fire brigade. According to the London Fireman, this has been done by a thousand girls employed in a Liverpool cigar factory. They are well officered and drilled, and at a recent blaze in the factory turned out "to a man" and lid most effectual work in subduing the

At a recent wedding in New York th bride wore a dress more than a century old. It was made for her maternal greatgrandmother in 1778 and worn at her wed ding, when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and General Washington and his staff were present as guests. It was worn for the second time by the bride's

mother forty-five years ago. Woman has no vote in Iowa, but she is allowed to hold office if she can be elected According to the official register for 1887 three counties have Recorders who do not belong to the voting sex; ten counties have women Superintendents of Public Schools; a woman's name stands in the executive department of the official register; she forms one of the Board of Honored Curators of the State Horticultural ociety and has a seat among the Ednea Society, and has a seat among the Educa-tional Examiners in Agriculture and Medicine. The Governor has recently appointed a woman visitor to the Insame-Hospital, and two of them act as trustees of the reformatories. Altogether Iowa women make a pretty good showing in public life, and the mere fact of not being allowed to your coucht not, to traphly there allowed to vote ought not to trouble them very much.

This Week's Fashion Notes.

The most fashionable fabrics for spring year will be of cotton. The skirts of almost all walking dress

are made quite plain, or with a very nar-row pleating set underneath the edge. The stitchings on the backs of the fashonable four-button English gloves grow roader and broader and the buttons constantly increase in size. The favorite color is a reddish mahogany shade, with the stitchings of black.

Little visites of plush are worn for after-oon calls and to the matinees, and at night to the play. They are of a shape to match the costume sometimes, but more generally seal-brown, which goes well with any cos-tume. They reach only some two inches below the waist-line behind, and have sling

Covert coats of light tan and mastic livery cloth, and with the lapped seams, are constantly growing in popularity. They are to be found ready made in the big dry, goods shops. The collars are very high, and many of them button across with a little strap of the cloth: most of them single-breasted and with three poekets, one of them high up on the left breast.

There is in London a tendency to give a nt of the Greek simplicity and richnes f drapery in the newest costumes—a result f the Greek plays and tableaux in which nany of the fashionable women took part. white and daffodil-yellow China crapes that skilfully combine the beauties of ancient nd modern dress.

A charming travelling costume worm by one of the early departures for Europe had a plain skirt of dark electric-blue moire, raped with cashmere of the same shade; draped with cashmere of the same shade; the tight, round waist had handkerchief fronts crossing over a vest of the moire, and full sleeves gathered at the elbow to deep moire cuffs. The waist was belted with watered ribbon. The long coat, reaching to the hem of the skirt, was of heavy blue camel's hair lined with brown fur, and the turban was of the same uniterial tripmed.

here and crosses to the back, where it lightly pointed. A pointed vest of cor-turov or pique covers the front of the waist of the kilt skirt, is lapped down the front and has pearl buttons set closely to \$50. He will not marry this spring.

gether. This is pretty in brown or blue serge and Suede-colored or white vest and braid, the color of the vest around the jacket and on the front pleats of the skirt. Black silk hats are worn with these.

Dresses for little girls are made with plain low, square-necked waists, slightly pointed in front, made of fine embroidery or of cashmere, or India foulards. Tiny pearl buttons in rows close together trim the revers. A single full skirt is worn with these waists. The strapped Gretchen waists, instead of having square openings, are made in a V to the waist in front and have merely a low square neck behind; embroodered edges, two inches wide; as turned down around the V front and square back and is slightly gathered in the arm-

A feature of the new bead passementerio is the use of open meshes in the midst of otherwise solid designs. Points and long leaves with one straight edge are the newest patterns in gimps. A great deal of metal cord or gold bullion gimp is shown for wool dresses or coats, and there are cashmere-colored bead trimmings for silks and velvets, in dark, quiet colors that will not be conspicuous. For wool dresses are galloons and pointed braids made of narrow platted mohair braid in open de-signs in one color, or two tones, or in

omtrast. White gloves are becoming popular for evening wear. Tan are now worn in the twenty-button lengths only with the darker shades of evening dresses. Pakest primose, lilac and mastic are the most popular, and despite the frequent announcement of elbow gloves, well-dressed women continue to wear them up to the shoulder. To hold them in place upon slim arms a little them in place upon slim arms a little clastic is caught to the inside edge of the glove with a few invisible stitches. It is best to add this even when the arm is plump, as it keeps the glove smooth and saves the injury that frequent smoothing and pulling up causes.

Latest News Notes.

Rev. Mr. Judar, of Medicine Hat, will be the next rector of All Saints' Church i Winnipeg.

The reported excitement in Newfound land over the disallowance of the Bait Act is said to be greatly exaggerated. It is proposed to add a "Victoria wing

to the Guelph General Hospital in con memoration of the Queen's jubilee.

The Boston Globe thinks the non-inter-course Bill will be a good thing for Camada when the immigration boom commences in

April. The London World says that Lady Ros bery's diamonds caused quite a sensation at the Calcutta State ball last month, at which were present many distinguished

It is reported that Parliament will b It is reported that Parliament will be asked at the coming session to authorize an increase in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, and that each post will be supplied with a Nordenfeldt gun. Warning has been given by the Imperial Privy Council that unless the losses which have covered with the private of the private of

visitors

have occurred among animals carried on deck while crossing the Atlantic are reduced, the carriage of animals on deck during the winter will probably be prohibited. winter will probably be prohibited.

An important motion is being argued at
Osgoode Hall on behalf of the Ontario A
Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company to restrain the Canadian Pacific Railway Com-

pany from constructing a branch line over the plaintiff's proposed route from Algoma Mills to Sault Ste. Marie. Late Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The cases gainst Mr. Walker, charged with personating at the Dominion election contest, and Mr. Claugh, accused of forgery in connec-tion with the Springfield Provincial voters lists, have fallen through. A Chicago detective has arrived here to

A Change detective has arrived here to seek the extradition of Trimacyco, the Italian murderer.

Snowslides in the mountains have temporarily interfered with the moving of

trains in that section. Coal is selling at \$20 a ten at Macleod though it is only twenty five miles from the Galt mines. A snow blockade is the The national societies of this city an

moving with a view to arranging for the proper reception of immigrants on their arrival here. Advices from Montreal indicate that

Archbishop Tache continues in poor health and has, in consequence, abandoned his projected trip to Rome. projected trip to Rome.

The trial of "Dressy Man," for the mur-der of Constable Cowan at Fort Pitt during the late rebellion, was commenced at Regina to-day, and resulted in a verdict of

not guilty. In consequence of the retirement of Mr. Brown from the Provincial Cabinet, Mr. Norquay will resume the position of Pro-vincial Treasurer and Mr. Lariviere will

again become Provincial Secretary.

Queer Things About Money. A woman who bought an old-fashione bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnati discovered a secret drawer which contained \$1,300 in gold and old bank bills.

Money was so scarce in certain counties f Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter that in some instance the skins of javelina bogs were used as a cirgulating medium, and possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills. Squire Royal, the tax-collector of Taylor

County, Pa., took out a well-worn overcoat to sell to an old clothes man, a few days ago, and found \$190 in bills rolled up in sheet of notepaper. The Squire is confident that the money is his own, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.

The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain, of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor recently, and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cair thought nothing about the occurrence unt ne day last week, when she discovered that roll of bills was missing from her bureau rawer. Then she put two and two together and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner of the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them.

Florida fruit men say that the straw berry crop this year will nearly double that Farmers who raise turkeys in Lehigh

ounty, Pa., drive them to market as the ould sheep. So netimes flocks of 200 ar hus driven along the public roads. An Albany preacher, watching some is flock as they were having great fur obogganing, was asked by one of them wh

be did not take the tobeggan for a text He said that that was a goodidea, and tha next Sunday be'd preach on winter sports He was as good as his word, choosing fo his text the last four words of the first verof the twenty-sixth Psalm. One of several gameco ks that were being shipped to l'ortland, Ore, escaped from the

f the train hands to catch it were unavail camel's hair lined with brown far, and the tarban was of the same material trimmed with the fur. Nothing is prettier for little boys than he Eton suits, with kilt, vest and short at a bucket shop the other day, an at bucket, which slopes open from the broat to the waist line, is square cornered be determined to make it 50,000 These beddetermined to make it 50,000 and drive the contract of the con be determined to make it \$10.000 as and get married. His \$5.000 cm

DEATH ON RATE a Woman Solved a Vernie in Domestic 11fe. in Domestic 13fe.

Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a ratcatcher, a new profession now fairly opened
to women, and one which Mrs. Benedict, at
least, has made incrative, says the New
York Star. The business of rat extermination is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor,
at least in an important sense. She has
raised it to the diganty of a profession. It
has always been easy for housewives who

raised it to the dignity of a profession. It has always been easy for housewives who were troubled with rats to posson them, but the problem has been to induce them to die outside their haunts. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible ratreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The model incinerated by their associates. The prob-lem has been how to kill rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house. Mrs. Benedict has found out how to induce rats to die on the kitchen floor. Like many inventors, she is somewhat indebted to accident. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. One of her devices was of various kinds. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors who rang the door bell just as she was safting the maxed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemist says. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make an experimental cast at once, and when the door bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to cast an once, and when the door-test rangishe hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. Her guests stayed until bed-time, and when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went in bed without returning to the kitchem. What happened in the night was this: A rat made his way up the legs of the table to the top, wherehe was speedily joined by others. The dish of floor, and charte was repealed to the top th was speedily joined by others. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was a rather dry supper, and water being near each rat turned to drink. The water drunk first wet the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and wet the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and them, in technical phrase, "set" it; that is to say, the plaster thus made into paste, instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach and put an end to any exercise of that organ. The rats decided Mr. Mallock's question: "Is life worth living?" in the negative without quitting the table. The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle award the water hem lay dead in a circle around the water them lay dend in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of making her fire, saw them and acted—that is to say, she screamed and climbed upon a chair. From that position she studied the scene and very soon saw the cause. Like a wise woman, she kept her secret and made profit of it. he undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had travelled that way.

Fortune's Favorites who court fortune-those who are

Customer (to boy in coal office- "A tomof stove. How much is it " Boy "Six-fifty, an 25 cents for puttin it in." Customer " Well, you will have to slate it." Box Slate it? That coal is half slate now, mister. - New York Sun.

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn curre—Putmann's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imita-

A maiden lady says that if single life is bad it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad. But ladies rarely understand mathematics.

I had rheumatism four years in Michigan, and during four mouths could not move without help. I spent over \$1,000 without benefit. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant cured me so I can work hard and enjoy good health.—George Kenthabaw, empoy good he Bayham, Ont.

The Handkerchief Cure.

The Philadelphia Times last week con tained this interesting and instructive bit

of news:

Poet and Editor James R. Randall created a sensation in Augusta the other day. A street car horse became unruly and a male passenger proposed throwing sand in the animal's eyes. Oh, no? said the Colonel, "don't do that : it is mmnecessary and inhuman. The poor beast only needs to be diverted. The handker-chief round his fore leg and be will start off promptly. The driver agreed to try it and the horse moved at once. Then the driver snatched up his whip, locked at the Colonel and exclaimed: "If that don't beat the Dutch!"

Divices for starting balky horses are about as numerous as the sands upon the seashore or—to put it stronger—as the sures for sea-sickness. Mr. Randall's con tribution to the stock is entitled to con-sideration because it is cheap, readily ap-plied, and does not call for the infliction of

Why She Wept.

A lady called on a friend who had only been married a few years, and was surprised to find her in tears. I am the most unhappy woman in Austin, and it is all on account of my husband. Why, your husband lives for you alone. He stays at bome all the time. He never goes away a nome an the time. The newer scores away from bome: be never brings any of his friends to the house. "Yes, replied the unfortunate woman putting her handker, chief to her eyes, and sobbang convulsively, "that's what makes me so miserable."

Paid \$5 for a Kiss.

Edonard Brisson, a barber, was fined \$5 yesterday afternoon by the Recorder for assaulting Miss Ameers, daughter of Sergi. Angers, He explained to the Recorder that the style of the young lady as be passed ber on Craig street the evening previous so for-ibly struck him that he involuntarily put is arm around her waist and kissed her the cheek + Montmeal Sta

Branch Office, 37 Younge St., Toronto DCNL 12, 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND